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### The Anchor, Volume 16.08: May 1, 1903

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# The Anchor

MAY, 1903



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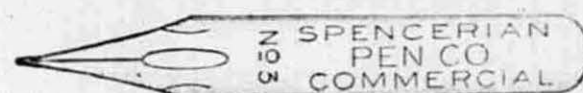
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# The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XVI

MAY, 1903

NUMBER 8

## Frog Legs.

IF THE Pocahontas Club had not decided to have a spread, if Marian Froebel had not lost that grocer's list and if I had not been chairman of the refreshment committee—things might have been different. That I, Catherine Hollister, should be plunged into the very depths of humility and despair, notwithstanding all my New Year's resolutions, and should be made the butt of half the jokes in the Budget for the rest of the term—and all because Prof. Masters would keep a "frogery!" I feel like blaming him for the whole affair, although it really wasn't his fault at all. Oh! how I hate myself for it all, and I am sure that I can never look a frog in the eye again. But they say that "an honest confession is good for the soul," so I may as well tell you about it. Perhaps it will ease my mind.

The Pocahontas girls defeated the Themians at basket ball and immediately decided to celebrate the victory with a grand spread the following night. Marian Froebel, Louise Chandler and myself were given charge of the refreshments, so I made out the menu the next morning in Prof. Master's recitation room instead of taking notes on the lecture. I knew that I could copy Helen Frisbee's notes afterwards, so I scribbled away and had the grocer's list made out by the time the bell rang. Such a chase as I had after Marian, but I finally captured her and gave her the list.

"Alright," she said, "I'll run down to Taylor's some time this morning and tell him to send the things up before six—Oh, Good-morning Mr. Boyer! Yes, ever so much—What did you say Catherine? Prof. Masters went frogging yesterday, he—yes, I'll remember—Oh, do help me with this German;



'Faust' is so hard. Yes, I think Scotch Collies make fine pets." "Marian, do listen to me, "I called, but she was deep in a discussion of the latest novel and did not hear me. Oh! If I had only kept that list myself! But how was I to know that she would deliberately slip it into Mr. Franklin's "Virgil" instead of into one of her own books, then forget all about it and go out driving with Alec Boyer that afternoon.

Well, we were having the gayest time that evening playing Ping Pong, when I suddenly remembered the "eatables," and slipped into the other room to see if they were alright. There were the chafing-dishes, fruits, ices and cakes, but not a sign of any of the articles that were on the list. I ran to the door and beckoned frantically to the girls. "Look here Marian," I said, "Didn't you order those things from Taylor's?" "Never once thought of them and what's more, I believe I lost the list."—"How could you! What shall we do?" and I sank into a chair while Louise looked the picture of woe. Marian stood for a moment playing with a spoon, her brows contracted in thought. Then suddenly mounting a chair, she delivered this speech:

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears' and I'll promise not to lose them. Are we to be daunted by a lost grocer's list? Shall we permit our fair society to be slandered by the base Themians? Never! 'Let us rise at once, gird on our remaining swords, and at the head of our remaining troop, attack the foe.' Come, courage! sisters, and follow me"—and she started for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Hush! 'Silence along the lines!'" and she led us down the hall and into Prof. Master's laboratory before I scarcely realized what was going on. In my despair I listened to Marian's nonsense and weakly yielded to a proposition which offered a possible escape from our dilemma. There I stood, scalpel in hand, and helped—yes helped, to relieve at least twenty frogs of their precious legs. "Behold the prize that lies before thee," gloated Marian. "I must confess I feel 'somewhat of the compassion of an assassin who feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut,' but we've saved the day!"

"But—"

"Now don't croak, Louise. They're beautifully fresh—"

caught Monday—and just think how we are assisting science. The legless frog! A new species, Chug-a-reek!" Oh dear! I never want to taste another frog leg in all my life. They were delicious that night and our spread was pronounced a grand success; but I was severely punished for my foolishness. Of course in all the hurry and confusion, I forgot all about borrowing Helen Frisbee's notes, and it was just my luck to be called on for one of the hardest questions in the quiz next day—*of course*, I failed utterly. After a miserable attempt to say something, I sat down, and then Prof. Masters turned to me with his most sarcastic smile and said: "Ah! Just exactly so. I see that you do not understand the subject, Miss Hollister, but perhaps you can explain to us how long it is possible for a frog to live being bereft of his legs?"

Horrors! I thought, did he know what had happened? And if so, how had he found it out? I glanced at Marian, but her face was devoid of all expression. I felt myself turning cold as ice. I do not recall what I said and as soon as the bell rang I picked up my books and started mechanically for the door, when I felt a touch on my arm. I turned.

"Pardon me, Miss Hollister, but allow me to return your handkerchief which I found in the laboratory this morning."

There it was with my name on the hem in plain letters. I took it and glanced up at my tormentor for an instant, meeting a look which sent the angry blood surging to the very roots of my hair, and which Prof. Masters uses when ever he particularly wishes to exasperate me.

Was there ever a more unfortunate girl than Catherine Hollister? No, never!

A. G. Y.

### ♦ ♦ *My Room.*

It is small, it is cluttered  
A table, a chair,  
A few scattered books  
And some pictures are there.  
The curtains that hang  
At its window are old;  
Yet dear to my heart  
Are the keepsakes they hold,



That the richest of tapestries,  
Prized among men,  
Could not tempt me at all  
To be parted from them.

There are programs of dances  
That hang on a thread—  
Memories they bring me  
Of days that are dead.

Here are favors and keepsakes,  
From far and from near;  
Flags, prizes and banners  
I hold very dear.

And a green little acorn  
So small, oh, so small!  
(You would have to look sharp  
Would you see it at all),

Picked up on the banks  
Of a lake far from here;  
But the name scribbled on  
Is surprisingly dear.

The lips and the eyes  
Of my photographs, too,  
Smile at me, tell me  
Whose friendship is true.

I love you for these,  
Little room, and for more;  
For the secrets I've told you,  
Yes, o'er and o'er;

For the tears, for the smiles,  
For the hope, for the fear;  
For the comfort I've found in you  
Year after year;

For the prayers you have heard,  
In solitude given,  
For the thoughts that have helped  
Bring me nearer to heaven.

Oh, the secrets you know  
Of the days that are gone!  
Oh, the dreams you could tell  
Of a future to come!

Surely, no home of grandeur  
And no costly boon  
Can be nearer to me  
Than my own little room.

—Akeley.

♦ ♦ ♦  
*Whose Fault Was It?*

Sittiah Bullord was forty-two years old and unmarried. This state of affairs was not considered criminal, however. In fact, by the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Three, people had learned better, and everyone in little Brookfield said they "guessed it didn't hinder her any." Accomplished, well educated, tender hearted as a child; it was an every day occurrence to hear strangers ask, "I wonder why she never married?" Old friends hinted at an ancient love affair. Sittiah, when she heard such questions, laughed and said nobody had ever asked her.

Children adored Miss Sittiah, and many a youth of fifteen or sixteen vowed that he would marry Miss Bullord when he got old enough, and then forgot all about it when he became twenty. Rollo Edwards, especially, was troubled because Aunt Sittiah lived all alone, and every day he came over to see her. He was her true knight, and those who said Miss Sittiah's cookies had much to do with his attachment knew not whereof they spoke. Thus it was, that on the thirteenth of February, Nineteen Hundred, he was helping Miss Sittiah to prepare dainty little boxes of English violets to be sent to homesick boys and lonesome girls of Miss Sittiah's acquaintance. It was a characteristic deed, and Rollo thought it quite the grown-up folk's way.

"Aunt Sittiah," he said, with his mouth half full of cookie, I want to send a valentine."

"Of course you do, and you shall have some of aunt Sittiah's own violets, to make one. Who is it for—Mildred Manning?"

"Naw, I got one for her last night, lace paper and flowers and a little angel on the outside. That's the kind she wants. But I want to send a grown-up valentine in a box like you do."

"So you shall, and I'll help you fix it up fine. Who may the lucky lady be?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, what young lady is to have your flowers? Is it your teacher?"



Rollo snickered, "Say, you ought to see the one I'm sending her," he said. "It's a dandy—red nose, rubber neck, four acre feet, and all. Don't you tell, but my violet valentine is going to Doctor Waterford, He's the dandiest man! He gives me lots of rides, and lets me hitch my sled on his cutter, and goes along lickety-switch! You'd ort to see us. Say, its' fun! Lets' fix one for him right away, and we'll say on the card, 'From Rollo and Aunt Sittiah.' "

Poor Miss Sittiah! She thought of a letter hidden deep in a bureau drawer upstairs, signed W. E. Waterford, and dated September 30, 1878, the year her friend, Will, had first gone away to college—the letter that, somehow, had never been answered. She recalled sundry missives of, "The rose is red" variety in the same round bag the only valentines, by the way, she had ever received. She remembered also that Dr. Waterford's wife had been dead six years. Rollo was surprised at the unusual sharpness in her voice as she answered.

"Big men don't like to get such children's foolishnesses, Rollo. You had better send the box to your mama,"

"Doctor does, he said he did. Maybe he would take you out riding, too, if you sent him a valentine. You dont know what fun it is is to ride with him. He's most always got some peanuts along, too. I have to send him a valentine, you know."

Didn't Miss Sittiah know what fun it was, or at least used to be, to ride with Will Waterford! Of course, that was all past now, but if only she had not been so freezingly polite—At any rate, there was no harm in letting Rollo have a few violets.

"Well," she said quietly, "I'll help fix a box for the Dootor, and we will put in a card marked, "From Rollo." Then when he gets it, he will know who sent it, and you will get a valentine in return."

This arrangement perfectly suited his lordship, and they were soon deeply engaged in the arduous task of placing the fragrant violets in just the right position.

Dr. Waterford was mildly surprised on finding in his mail on the morning of the fourteenth of February a peculiar oblong box, tied with white ribbon, but naturally decided that it was a sample of a new soap, or some other advertising scheme. The heavy, delicious odor of violets, which met him when he opened the

box, was something that he had not expected. It carried him back to the time he was a boy, when he and Miss Settiah used to spend long hours in the Bullord best room, playing horse or stringing buttons, close to the great pot of English violets, in the window. People used to say that Old Lady Bullord had a knack with flowers, and he remembered that they said now that nowhere were there violets quite so nice as those Miss Sittiah raised. Sittiah—the name sounded strangely sweet. What friends they used to be. Yes, we may as well acknowledge it. The busy doctor sat there a full ten minutes staring into space. At the end of that time he shook himself like a man waking from a dream, and, in his anxiety to make up for the time he had lost, he hastily put the flowers into the vase and pushed the box into the stove without noticing Rollo's card in the bottom. During the whole day Dr. Waterford's thoughts persistently turned Miss Sittiah-ward, and he spun a delightful little romance about the box.

Had Rollo been at all shy, he might have posed as a victim of unrequited affection. Bashfulness, however, was something unknown to Master Rollo, and the next day he made the doctor a visit. After giving ample opportunity for thanks from the doctor with no result, he asked, "Did you get a valentine yesterday?" Then not noticing the doctors embarrassment he rattled on, "Wasn't it a dandy? I sent it to you. Oh, yes, of course Aunt Sittiah gave me the violets, but I sent it. Besides, I don't think she would care about getting a valentine back. But I do—I like valentines and they have some just fine ones for ten cents, down at Martin's"

Rollo got his valentine. All this happened three months ago, Dr. Waterford was married last week to a lady from Chicago. Miss Sittiah still lives in the same place and raises delicious violets, which she sells for twenty-five cents a box.

MORAL,—Con't be too sure that you know just how a story will end.

GRACE W. HOEKJE, '03.

♦ ♦  
*In the Philippines.*

Just a sketch of life, experiences and sights in the islands of



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GRACE W. HOEKJE, '03.

♦ ♦

*In the Phillipines.*

Just a sketch of life, experiences and sights in the islands of



the Orient, so recently come into my possession. Memory carries me again past Corregidor and its lofty lighthouse, down the placid waters of historic Manila Bay with its tell-tale hulks off Cavite's coast; then interesting Manila with its walls, its time-scarred cathedrals, its crowded Escolta, its beautiful Luneta, where at sunset the gay city assembles to drive or promenade to be refreshed by the cooling sea breeze; out upon the one railroad to a spot in the heart of Luzon, where, girt about by the tender green of newly planted banana trees, stands an old Spanish house, our home for a brief while. Here, in an atmosphere, motionless and dream like as that of the land of the lotus-eaters, life passed pleasantly. Household cares were few and the introduction to Oriental costumes entertaining. There was an American-trained Filipino cook to convert canned foods into steaming savory dishes, to prepare fresh vegetables from market, and fresh meats from cold storage; a *muchacho* to do your housework and likewise test your patience; a throng of native callers anxious to see an *Americano* home, as well as prompted by good-will to come and to leave great bunches of flowers, pieces of logs overgrown with blossoming orchids, gifts of fruits, and even gifts of poultry, which were carried into the very room with no more concern than were the pretty posies.

There were happenings humorous, happenings tinged a bit with sadness, but no happenings without the interest inspired by novelty. The most sober-minded Americans must certainly unbend a bit to smile over their first vision of roof-moving, as the Filipino knows it. Sometimes a *nipa* roof outlasts the shack, and then it is often transferred to some other spot at a distance. To accomplish this task, men to the number of forty or fifty—for labor is cheap—station themselves underneath in bent posture: then when all are properly adjusted, at a given signal, up rises majestically the roof, and with cries and sounds as indescribable as varied, trots away down the street like a huge monster on its numerous, nude, brown legs. Hear the cry of pain thread its rapid passage along the creature's nervous system as each succeeding foot treads on the same unseen, sharp stone, or thumps into a rut. Sometimes to make the occasion merrier, a musician of nondescript nature sits astride the roof, and to the tune of his march the feet keep time. Often things that are ludicrous,

occur under one's own roof, however. On our floors in lieu of carpeting, were large straw rugs, upon which natives sleep, or in which they wrap their dead; it is this latter fact which gives to the less-enlightened *hombre* a reverential awe of this mat—he would not step thereon for anything. It takes rigorous self-government to maintain the proper dignified demeanor, when a native, with a calmly calculated leap that shakes the house on its pillars, vaults across the harmless mat to reach a chair opposite, or when another to avoid defilement of self or mat—I know not which—makes himself long and thin, and worms his way between chair and wall without contact with either. His look of anxious agony sobers even a ready laughter till the gate below closes, for who could have the heart even to smile when he is so serious? But there are things that would shock you, perhaps. You would stand well-nigh transfixed at the lurid smile of the chewer of the betel nut—a soporific not highly harmful, and one that imparts a red, red glare to lips and teeth; you would recoil at the incongruous sight of a woman smoking, or worse, of a wee toddler, scarce two summers old, with dainty mien removing from her tiny mouth a lighted cigarette and puffing away the smoke with the air of an adept.

Native shacks in various degrees of dilapidation or of newness, were all around us. A new house of woven bamboo is very neat—a roofed-over basket on stilts—and almost void of furniture among the poorer class. The interior of one tiny shack, where lived a native assisting in our school, comes back to me. Unlike most of the shacks, there was some crude furniture and the ground floor was used; in one corner, a platform served for sleeping room, while the uncovered ground was clean and hard packed. How tiny the place was, yet how neat! It carried me back to district-school days when we used in summer to clean out the old woodshed, and with crude chairs and table transform it into our play-house. This wee structure seemed but a play-house, and yet it was a home occupied by at least seven mortals, inconceivable as it may seem. At night there is something weird and fascinating about a candle-lighted shack with its large unshut windows through which are visible dim, shadowy figures moving stealthily about like visions. It's a witch-scene, especially, when, in the back part of the house, a bright open fire



blazes and its flickering light shines through the woven walls. Surely, the witches are brewing their meals within.

Our home overlooked Tarlac river, whose blue peeped through breaks in the graceful, feathery bamboo trees which swayed in every tiny breeze with all the willowy beauty of great, fluffy green plumes—to me the loveliest trees of the Orient. At set of sun, their grace stands out in stronger measure, even as they are outlined against the glorious opal lights of a tropical sky, this beauty compensates, in that land of quickly dying day, for the lingering twilight which charms us of cooler zones. Vegetation is such a tangle; it suggests a jungle with ferocious beasts, but all the trees are different from ours, though there certainly is a Christmas-tree when fire-flies swarm in some leafy giant and light it with their steady tapers—it's a Yuletide tree or else one from fairyland.

The river, in the drier season, is shallow, and people from the *barrios* are constantly wading across with deftly balanced baskets of marketable products on their heads, and then "dripping with coolness" they go down the dusty road; garments are not removed for fording. The river seems to have a fascination for the native. It is not only the town's bath-tub, but the town's wash-tub; here the women are constantly making much ado, pounding their clothes white on the stones with results that would often put us in this land of every convenience, to shame. Not even Sunday is free from their "rub-a dub-dub," in fact, Sunday as we know it is unknown to the Filipino. To him it is the great market day.

In the provincial towns transportation about the *pueblo* is carried on by means of carromatas for people, and carabao-carts for property. Both vehicles are two wheeled. Carromatas have a passenger's seat and the driver's; and, though all are supplied with shafts, are commonly drawn by two shaggy, unkempt ponies with shiftless harnesses and ropes for reins'. A fast driver with the *cochero* shouting in true savage style as he brandishes his whip over his galloping team, while you cling with each hand to a top's brace, is characteristically Filipino, and a memorable experience, especially when the harness breaks and lets you down with a jolt, or when the heedless driver's unruly ponies back you off a bridge into four feet of water. It is an occasion of thanks-

giving when you reach home after a wild drive, as well as after one in which the driver descends to earth every few moments to tug and push and pull and well nigh upset his unwilling beast to continue the trip. One would almost prefer the steady slow-going old carabao, which brings to town on his back the man and his wife, or, which attached to a crude cart covered with nipa canopy, saunters lazily down the street with the family entire and their produce.

Here are the costumes, picturesque or ridiculous. Women wear no hats. How could they? They carry their wares on their heads in round baskets—unique box-turbans with a stylish array of trimmings of fruits, greens and vegetables, live chickens—less cruel than we—and protruding necks of bottles for aigrettes. Wonderful effects are some! When not bound for market, women go bare headed, or with a gay kerchief thrown carelessly, often artistically, over their heads and fastened, it must be, by magic. It is the men who wear hats, and hats of every hue and form from the latest in finest Manila straw, to those of the 70's and 80's; yes, even back to what must have been the original hat fashioned from the half of a gourd and still ornamented with a bit of the severed stem. It is, however, only the meeker *hombre* who appears in hats of the latter type, for men of the better class wear all that fashion decrees is newest, and are fastidious in dress, appearing immaculate in white suits cut after the style Americans wear in the tropics.

Though in a foreign land and in the midst of a foreign race, an American is by no means cut off from his own people nor from accustomed pleasures, for in all the larger pueblos are congregated congenial companions who call frequently, who have their pleasant evening gatherings, their dinners, their tennis and ping pong tournaments, their jolly carabao cart rides into the country, their excursions down the winding rivers in *bancas*, native boats, and thus on till who could ask for more? Then there is the pleasure and satisfaction of teaching a people, apt, appreciative, and promising. Therefore, if climatic conditions can be endured, to live and work in the Philippines for a few years is a fine experience, to watch the development of their great resources is most interesting, and to make frequent tours into China, Japan, and the Indian Islands is an instructive pastime during a vacation. May it be the good fortune of some of you to make the delightful trip thither.

MRS. O. S. REIMOLD, '95.

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# The Anchor.

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## Editorial.

The Minerva Society wishes to thank The Anchor Staff for its courtesy in placing this issue of the college paper in our charge. In this number we try to show what our society is doing to claim for itself recognition upon the campus. Please do not expect too much of us; for we are weak in numbers, and most of us are in the preparatory department. However, since the M. S. has been organized, we have had, for the first time "in the history of the institution," a society in which all the girls are interested and from which they really derive much benefit.



As the report card giving the ranks and grades of the orations and their delivery is apparently under lock and key we are able to say very little definitely of the inter State Oratorical Contest, held in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 1st. First place was given to Wisconsin, second to Michigan and third to Kansas. Michigan being represented by Abraham J. Muste of Hope, we naturally were very much interested in the outcome. A great deal of responsibility also rested with us, as this is the first year that Michigan has contested in the Inter State Oratorical League. We hope next month to give a full account of the contest.

Deal with our advertisers and help the manager.

## THE ANCHOR

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### Y. W. C. A.

The weekly meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are well attended, in spite of many outside attractions, and are growing in interest and helpfulness. Mrs. Gilmore led the opening meeting of the Spring term, and her words will encourage the former officers as well as those newly elected.

The association is endeavoring to raise funds for sending delegates to the Lake Geneva conference, and for this purpose a concert will be given under their auspices on May 14. They have secured for that evening Mrs. Myrtle Koon—Cherryman, elocutionist; Mr. W. N. Nourse, a baritone, and Mr. Van Hasselt, violinist.

The college pennants and souvenir postal cards which are sold by the Association are in much demand.



### Exchanges.

As we look over the exchanges of April we find that the spell of oratory has worked its wonders in presenting to the literary editors articles of the best thought in the best speakable form. In the place of orations we now find stories and essays, sketches and poems. During the cold winter months when the storms without are all but inviting, the student is engaged in his most careful and fact-searching study. Then follows conviction, which finds expression in an oration delivered at a debating club or some other literary society. Its literary value is recognized. The editor deems it worthy of publication as it represents the oratorical standard in thought and style. He gives his readers an oratorical number.

In spring the greens of lawns and woodlands begemmed with blooming flowers in parterres and along the meandering streams, welcome the willing thoughts of students to nature underneath their feet and above their heads, and then to human nature. Imbued with the delight of springtime, the student sings of nature in metre and rhyme. A poem is written. Absorbed in the study of life, human life becoming a central theme, the student recalls what poet, romancer or novelist impressed him most. He becomes contemplative; formulates his ideas; writes an essay or sketch.

Look over the "ads" and know your friends.



In *The Cosmos*, a neatly written and well arranged monthly of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, our attention is called to "The Play Hamlet" wherein Shakespeare points out the fact that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women are but players." The writer shows considerable insight into the motive of one of the worlds greatest writers. The expression of this insight by an undergraduate is considered by some as being somewhat presumptuous. If literature is anything, it is the expression of impression, an impression from the outer world through the senses, and from the intuitional inner world—the inner light—the soul. The writer shows a ready grasp of the expression. His critical insight leads him toward the source of the Shakspearean fountain. Having wended his way much farther than the average student does, he turns back, gives us his own impression, as all critics have done and will do, and leaves the rest, to minds that equal Shakspeare's—for equal and genius-like they must be.

In *The Ursinus Weekly*, No. 29, is an article on "Browning's Treatment of Love" which is well worth reading by students who are making Browning's poetry a study. The writer gives first Browning's philosophy and then the treatment in saying: "Love is not wrapped in a mystical Wordsworthian shroud of nature nor is it attired in a beautiful Tennysonian nature-cloak." He points out the fact that Browning deals not with sentimental love but with "love" which "is serious as life." He points out the consistency between Browning's theory and practice. He says: "His views on love are unique. But they are visions of the imagination with which present day philosophy agrees."

J. J. S.

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### *Jottings.*

"I simply won't."

"Then go—go—go!"

"—that college spirit."

"Veni, vidi, non vici.—April 17, 8:30 P. M.

"There are vacations and vacations."

Watch for Miss Hoyt's colors Decoration Day at the base ball game.

"By George! Is the Ph. D. going?"

Alice Kollen said her heart was in New Brunswick.—Truly, a most remarkable freak of nature.

Why can't all the students enjoy weekly holidays given to some?

It is rumored that Boeve made a mysterious visit to Overisel during the last vacation. Alas! "Et tu, Bruti!"

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The second semi-annual outing of the class of '05, occurred at the park, April 21, 1903.

No flowers needed this year to decorate the tomb of Hope College spirit.

At last Lottie has found a doctor who, to all present appearances, can cure spring fever.

"Say Abram, are you going to Cleveland?"

"Are you Mae?"

"I guess so."

"So am I."

"He's not a democrat that's all I have against him."—Boeve

"Some great things come from Iowa."—Poppen laughs.

Prof. D's estimate of old maids.—"I detest the name *old maid* as much as I do the bearer."

Mr. De Pree, searching for his ruler.—"Where is my little Nicodemus?"

Tony Nienhuis of the Freshman class has discontinued his studies and is now employed at the St. Charles Hotel.

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Melly is busy collecting rags for his first rag carpet.

Mr. Dykstra enjoyed the Third Church social because he had a "corner" to himself.

The Sophomores have applied for a patent on their new method for taking examinations.

Grooters in his auto-biography says that the way to reach a man's heart is to feed him. All mysteries are now explained.

Sophomore progression—fun—flunk—fired.

April 21st—"Alone, alone, alone!"

Van Der Naald delights to make parodies. Here is a sample—"Soon the college days are over, Jessie dear."

Was Daniel a soup?

Come here, De Cook. I am ashamed of you. Yes I am.

Warrants are out for the arrest of the Sophomore class for assault and battery.

"Sweets to the sweet."

Miss Bennett—(friendship pillow in hand.)—Mr. De Pree, may I have—a—your name?"

Mr. De Pree—"Yes. If that's all you want."



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